

Richard And Linda Thompson, Shoot Out The Lights

In the dark, who can see his face?
In the dark, who can reach him?
He hides like a child. He hides like a child.
Keeps his finger on the trigger
You know he can't stand the day
Shoot out the lights. Shoot out the lights

Keep the blind down on the window
Ah, keep the pain on the inside
Just watching the dark. Just watching the dark
Ah he might laugh but you won't see him
As he thunders through the night
Shoot out the lights. Shoot out the lights

In the darkness the shadows move
In the darkness the game is real
Real as a gun. Real as a gun
As he watches the lights of the city
And he moves through the night
Shoot out the lights. Shoot out the lights
Shoot out the lights. Ah, shoot out the lights